In the grim darkness of the far future ~ *heresy!*

38 $2.95 US £2.20 UK

Warhammer Monthly

Apprentice no longer...

Inquisitor Ascendant

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

EMPEROR BE PRAISED! *The voliont Inquisitor Grovier hos joined the ronks of the Imperium's defenders. Surely now the doemonic dorkness will be beoten bock ond I will be releosed to return to my bottle brothers.*

GRAVIER? THAT WHINING whelp? Pah! I could eat him for breakfast and still have room for a boiled Defay on toast. But that Ephrael Stern? Now there's a woman after my own blackened heart! The corruption and slaughter of weak-minded Imperials just seems to follow her around wherever she goes. If I didn't know better I would have sworn she was on the side of us foul despoilers!

AT LEAST SHE *didn't soil her own ormour os you did when I told you thot Dorkblode wonted o word obout whot you soid obout him lost month.*

CALL ME AN armour despoiler, would you? That's it! Where's that flamer attachment I got for Christmas?

WHOOSH!

NEXT ISSUE: MUTANT MAYHEM!

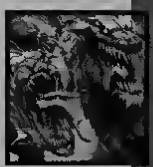
Inside this comic...

NEW SERIES! INQUISITOR
Pain, patience and cruelty on the Hive-world of Shaytan – Gravier is back!

DARKBLADE
Malus finds himself caught between a pack of murder-hounds, and the wrath of his own people.

DAEMONIFUGE
Sister of Battle and suspected heretic, Ephrael Stern receives a strange visitation.

MORDHEIM
Ulli and Marquand sink their teeth into another unsuspecting citizen of the City of the Damned!



GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

WORM OF THE MONTH

• Dear Lord Khorne. Please have pity on me, or if not may your blessed axe of Khorne smite me, or, if you may choke me with your collar of Khorne, and trample me with your juggernaut, and if you do pity me, then let me help you smite the followers of the Emperor, and if I may say so I would gladly give up my soul to you and change my mortal image to that of a daemon. For I am a speck of dirt that the puny worm crawls on compared to you.

– Alex Whiley, Ipswich

Correct. You *are* a speck of dirt if you follow the heretic ways of Khorne. Give me five minutes alone in a room with you and I'll gladly change your mortal image, but not to that of a daemon – more like a bowl of standard Space Marine rations!

• Deer Gitz, wot duz dat git 'Peet Wuud' (WHM 33) fink hezz on abaaht? An ork is an ork is an ork – and dat's dat! Itz gitz like im wot giv uz a baad naime! E can't even. speek orky proppa! Keep orkz orky, no poncy stuff!

– Boss Gruknil, Macclesfield

• Oy! Wot is dis fing, dis Warhammer Munthly, full of gurly stuff like dark elfses and demuns and Effrael Stern, and dat laffable Jerico wot finks dat laspistols is da weppun of choice? No dakka at all, musta bin dropped on 'is 'ed. Him and all dose weenie hive dwellers is gonna feel da Boyz bootz sum day.

I finks ya orta do more Orky storeez, wunz dat last longer dan an issue. Foller sum 'ard yoof all da way to takin' charge of 'is warband. 'Ow about dose stoopid grots, dey acts like Orkses is too slow to load a shoota wiffout 'em. Dere are loadsa grate gabs to tell about dem mad Doks and cunnin' Meks wot will be fergot if youse don't tell 'em, so git rite on it!

– Kaptin Bob, Ork Freebooter, writ by 'is scribbly grots (in big green krayons, I hopes), USA

I'm sorry, I have no idea what you're going on about.

• Greetings, pathetic souls of the warp. I know not how you can survive without the need to practice the fine arts of Torture and Pain. Disgust filled my heart upon reading WHM26 (outdated I know but hey, Commorragh is a hard place for postmen to find) with a printing of the misguided kin's letters, when obviously the weak fool should have been pleading at your feet for a Dark Eldar comic strip. Supply the righteous kin with one and your pathetic life shall be spared, fail and I shall consume your souls, yours included, Baneblade.

– Khirareq, Dracon of the Destroyers

This soul is not for consumption by the likes of you, fiend! My soul is commended to the Emperor of Terra and to him alone. And as for a Dark Eldar strip, why should we publish a story about those vile aliens when there are countless tales of heroes of the Imperium still to be told?

Dare to send in your most heretical tracts – and if the Most Merciful Emperor spares your worthless soul, a Zombie Regiment box set could be yours.

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INQUISITOR ASCENDANT

THE STORY SO FAR...

SENT to Nicodemus to investigate an outbreak of Chaos, Inquisitor Defay and his young apprentice, Gravier, discover that the taint of the Dark Powers is spread throughout the bloodline of the Matheldas family.

SYSTEMATICALLY interrogating the entire Matheldas clan, many are found to be infected with the Chaos blight and are cleansed by Defay. After months of gathering evidence the trail eventually leads to Cardinal Sarthos, the highest ranking Ecclesiarchy official on the planet Nicodemus.

CONFRONTING the rogue cardinal, Defay unleashes previously untapped power and vanquishes the daemon that was once Sarthos in a burst of psychic energy. Fearing that he too has been marked by foul Chaos, Defay flees – leaving Gravier to begin his search for his former mentor.

INQUISITOR
ASCENDANT
BOOK TWO: EPISODE ONE
SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT
ART: SIMON COLEBY
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
SHAYTAN HIVE-WORLD, IN THE FINAL HOURS OF THE PURGE...
SAY THE WORDS. I HAVE WASTED ENOUGH TIME.
SAY THE WORDS

KNOW THIS FIRST... PATIENCE IS A PRIMARY TOOL OF INQUISITION. ALLOW THE SUBJECT EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE HIMSELF...
...MERCY ...LET ME HAVE WATER FOR MY PARCHED THROAT... WATER, OR A LITTLE WINE...
...OR CONDEMN HIS SOUL BY HIS OWN ADMISSION.
IF YOU HAVE VOICE ENOUGH TO BEG FOR WATER YOU CAN SAY THE WORDS
READ THEM OUT IF YOU HAVE TO THEN THIS WILL BE OVER
NEVER LET [illegible] DICTATE THE COURSE OF AN INTERRO GATION
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO DO THIS? ARE YOU AN INQUISITOR?
LET THOROUGH QUESTION AND ANSWER DICTATE THE PACE REASSURE THE SUBJECT AS TO YOUR AUTHORITY...
LET HIM MAKE NO MISTAKE AS TO WHO YOU ARE.
I SERVE INQUISITOR KLANTZ, IN HIS EFFORTS TO ROOT OUT THE TAINT BEFOULING THIS WORLD
...I AM INTERROGATOR GRAVIER.

BUT PRESS, ALL THE TIME, PRESS. DO NOT LET HIM UNDERESTIMATE THE PAIN THAT STILL AWAITS
FOR THE LAST TIME... SAY THE WORDS.
I HAVE NEVER KNOWN CRUELTY LIKE THIS BEFORE
HYK HYK! DO YOU WANT THE PAIN-STICK, INTERROGATOR?
IT IS FULLY CHARGED, OH YES! HEH HEH HEH!
AND DO NOT SHRINK FROM ANY METHODS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
I DON'T THINK THAT WILL BE NECESSARY, MY SERVANTS.
I BELIEVE SENATOR PAVIC AND I HAVE REACHED AN UNDERSTANDING AND HE IS ABOUT TO UNBURDEN HIMSELF...
CONFIDENCE IS THE KEY. IF THE SUSPECT BELIEVES YOU TO BE HIS FRIEND, HE WILL ANSWER ALL THE [illegible]
...WEREN'T YOU, SENATOR?
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO..?
WIN HIM OVER. AID HIM IF YOU HAVE TO.
SAY THE WORDS, SENATOR. SPEAK THE OATH OF FEALTY TO THE GOD-EMPEROR OF MANKIND
IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD FOR A LOYAL SERVANT OF THE GOLDEN THRONE. PROVE TO ME YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE CORRUPTION THAT UNDERMINED THIS HIVE.
COME, WE CAN READ IT TOGETHER.
USE WHATEVER METHODS YOU THINK WILL WORK.
"FOR AS THE ASTRONOMICAN GUIDES ME THROUGH THE TRAVAILS OF THE WARP"... SAY IT!
"...F-FOR AS THE ASTRO-STRONOMICAN G-GUIDES ME..."
INTERROGATOR! INTERROGATOR!

A PRIORITY VOX-SIGNAL FROM AN INQUISITOR REIKER, DEMANDING TO KNOW YOUR WHEREABOUTS!
SIGNAL MY LOCATION. TELL HIM I WILL RESPOND WHEN I AM FINISHED HERE.
NOW, SENATOR, SHALL WE CONTINUE?
THRONE OF EARTH!
I'LL RECITE YOUR DITTY... SAY IT WITH ME... "FOR AS YOUR WRETCHED ASTRONOMICAN SHINES IN THE DARK—
...SO IT WILL SHOW ME THE WAY TO EAT OUT YOUR MORTAL HEART!
DURING INTERROGATION, NEVER LET YOURSELF BE DISTRACTED
NEVER TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THE SUSPECTED HERETIC.
DEFAY TAUGHT ME ALL OF THESE THINGS
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN READY.

GUH!
THE AIR STINKS. IT MOVES LIKE GREASY SMOKE.
I EARN ANOTHER SCAR.
HERETIC!
WARP-SPAWN!
AH, LITTLE ONES...
...HOW WELL YOU KNOW ME.
KK-KK-KKK!
GYIIIKKK!
KK-KKK-OK!
SNIK!
NOW, INTERROGATOR GRAVIER... LET ME INSTRUCT YOU IN THE MEANING OF PAIN.
KZAK! KZAK! KZAK!

TZZZZCHM!
UGHN!
LET'S SEE... WHICH EYE FIRST?
SKRTCH!
DAH!
WHO?
I AM INQUISITOR REIKER.
YOU ARE GRAVIER? YES? SPEAK!

I AM GRAVIER. TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS INTERVENTION?
YOUR LIFE. IT WOULD APPEAR. YES? YOU WILL COME WITH ME.
I AM ASSIGNED TO INQUISITOR KLANTZ'S STAFF.
NOW YOU ARE REASSIGNED... TO ME. KLANTZ HAS AGREED TO THE TRANSFER.
THIS CONCERNS YOUR FIRST MASTER, THE HERETIC DEFAY.
I LAST SAW DEFAY FIVE YEARS AGO, ON NICODEMUS.
AND HE IS NO HERETIC.
I CAN'T HELP YOU! I NEVER FOUND HIS TRAIL!
BUT I HAVE, GRAVIER.
I INTEND TO HUNT OUT THE ROGUE DEFAY, AND YOU... HIS MOST LOYAL PUPIL... ARE GOING TO HELP ME.
YOUR LOYALTY DOES YOU CREDIT. I HAVE STUDIED YOUR REPORTS FROM NICODEMUS. I KNOW HOW YOU SPENT MONTHS SEARCHING FOR HIM.
BUT HE HAD FLED. WITH A SUSPICION OF CHAOS ABOUT HIM. HE WENT ROGUE. AN INNOCENT MAN DOES NOT DO THAT, YES?
THAT IS WHY THE INQUISITION SEEKS HIM.
NEXT: MASTER AND PUPIL

The Nature of the Inquisition

UTILITATUM ADMINISTRATUM SOLUM

INSCRIPTOR Alethea

ILLUMINATOR Esrrera

SCHOLA EDIATRIX Machina

EDO PURIFICATUM Prasd

EDO DIABOLUS Eva Charlie

EXEMPLARIS II

TABULA LIBRARIUM: M39/78512/KBJL

+++++++**DATE:** 0134563/M39

++++++++**REF:** 007634/YT

+++++++++**TO:** Cardinal Palatine Baurum

++++++**FROM:** Cardinal Palatine Ezrael Pious

++++**SUBJECT:** The Nature of the Inquisition (fragment)

Thought for the Day

"Know your enemy but do not know him too well."

Many members of the Order of Blessed Inquiry have become so preoccupied in exposing heresy and corruption, that often they find examples where evidence suggests none exists. This is particularly damaging in cases where the Inquisitor resorts to the practice of Exterminatus, the act of cleansing an entire planet to prevent the spread of corruption. In most cases only a small percentage of the planets population is under suspicion by the inquisition but, in an attempt to prevent the spread to the general populace – and ultimately neighbouring worlds – an inquisitor may decide genocide is the only answer.

My concern is this: in calling for Exterminatus is the Inquisitor attempting to protect the Golden Throne or his own ambition?

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Due to the nature of an Inquisitor's work they face prolonged exposure to the taint of the dark powers, either through choice or by circumstance, and as such are at great risk of turning to the way of heresy. These men permanently live on the edge of a spiritual void yet carry out their work with a zeal and vigour usually only exhibited by members of the Ecclesiarchy.

For this, the Inquisition should be revered as much as they should not be trusted.

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Although I do not have any solid evidence, it is my firm belief that many rival factions exist within the Inquisition and Ordo Malleus and that both organisations are engaged in a perpetual internal power struggle Some of these factions strive for the good of mankind and the Imperium whereas others appear to teeter on the brink of heresy and damnation, harnessing the power of the Warp and bending it to their will Many of these factions ally themselves with other similar factions, but in the grey area in which the Inquisition operates, these loyalties are like storms in the Warp, volatile and prone to change

It is not the Inquisitor's loyalty to the Emperor I question, merely the means they employ to prove that loyalty

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Some Inquisitors, particularly those of the Ordo Malleus, actively conciliate the powers of Chaos, some even to the extent that they can summon and harness the power of Daemons

[Rest of passage removed under advisement of the Ordo Malleus]

+
+

By Order of the Ecclesiarchy

Cardinal Palatine Ezrael Pious
(Excommunicatus)

'Chaos is the great devourer, the enemy of humanity, and I have been made its pawn.

'My duty to the Emperor has been manipulated and corrupted from the very start.

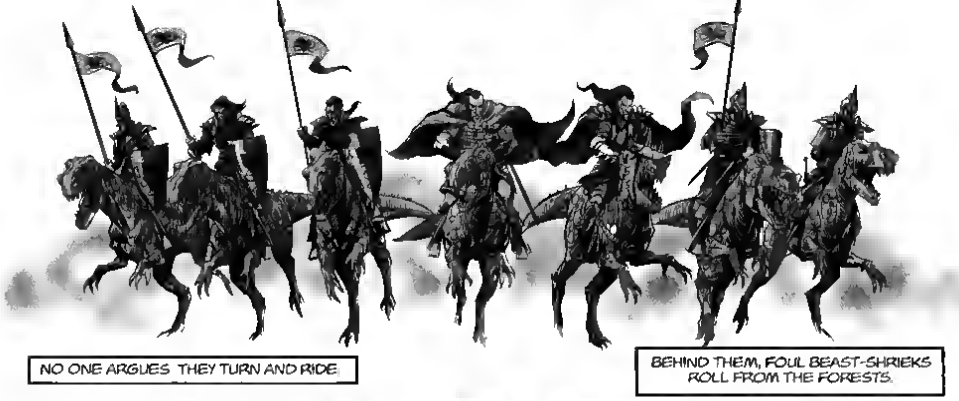
'So just kill me, if that is what you intend.'

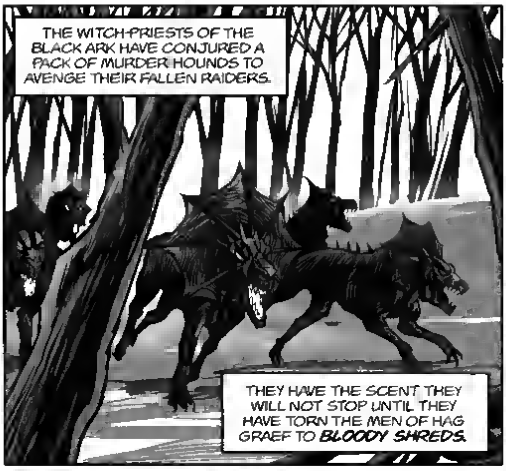
– Inquisitor Defay
to Cardinal Sarthos

DARKBLADE
BOOK III
THRONE OF BLOOD
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood
WINTER KEENS ACROSS THE CHAOS WASTES.
A WAR-BAND FROM HAG GRAEF HAS JUST BEEN SPARED DESTRUCTION AT THE HANDS OF A RIVAL DARK ELF CLAN BY THE TIMELY INTERVENTION OF A LONE WARRIOR.
NOW THE IDENTITY OF THAT WARRIOR IS REVEALED...
...MALUS DARKBLADE?
BUT IT WAS SAID YOU DIED, YEARS AGO!
SO SPEAKS SILAR THORNBLOOD LEADER OF THE WAR-BAND DISBELIEF IN HIS VOICE.
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE SILAR. PERHAPS BLESSED KHAINE WOULD HAVE BEEN KINDER TO GRANT ME THE RELEASE OF DEATH
BUT I KNOW OUR GOD IS CRUEL. AND HAD I DIED I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO RIDE TO YOUR AID HERE THIS DAY.
TRUE ENOUGH, AND FOR THAT, MY THANKS.
YOU THANK HIM, LORD SILAR? HAVE YOU RUN MAD? THIS IS DARKBLADE, THE CURSED ONE!

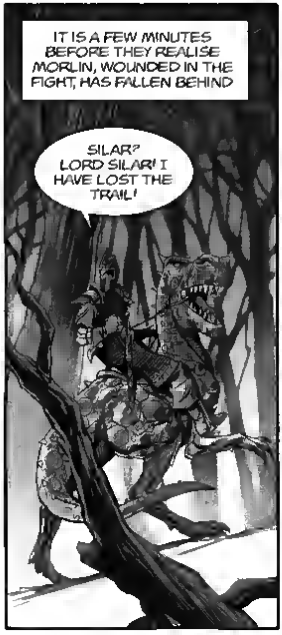
QUIET, KUNOR! ALL OF YOU!
I SHALL NOT BE SILENT! MALUS DARKBLADE IS AN OUTCAST, POLLUTED BY THE DARKEST DEATH MAGIC!
HE BETRAYED THE HAG! KILLED HIS BRETHREN! KILLED HIS OWN FATHER!
SUCH ACCUSATIONS WERE NEVER PROVEN! WOULD A MURDERER CONFRONT US SO OPENLY?
PAH! YOUR OLD COMRADESHIP WITH DARKBLADE CLOUDS YOUR MIND! IT WAS SAID HE BECAME THE VESSEL FOR A DAEMON! WHO CAN GUESS WHAT FELL PURPOSE HE HAS IN COMING HERE THIS WAY?
AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO NOW? ATTACK A WARRIOR WHOSE SWORD HAS JUST KEPT YOU ALIVE?
IF I HAVE TO, YES! JUSTICE CRIES OUT TO BE SERVED! AND IF YOU LACK THE STRENGTH TO-
WHAKK!
KUNOR SON OF KUNOLL? DO YOU DOUBT MY STRENGTH?
DO ANY OF YOU?
NO MORE!
NOT THE STRENGTH OF YOUR ARM, LORD THE STRENGTH OF YOUR HEART.

SILAR, OLD FRIEND, I DO NOT DESERVE THE LOYALTY YOU SHOW ME
KUNOR KUNOLL'S SON... BROEL, MORLIN, DOTHAIC, HAEDOR... YOU WARRIORS HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE WARY OF ME.
GREAT WOE WAS IN MY SOUL. IT IS TRUE THAT A DIRE CREATURE OF CHAOS MADE ME ITS PUPPET.
IN ITS NAME, I COMMITTED CRIMES YOU COULD NOT EVEN BEAR TO DREAM OF.
BUT I HAVE FOUGHT, AND I AM FREE AGAIN NOW FREE OF MY CURSE
AND I HAVE NO DESIRE IN ME GREATER THAN TO RETURN TO MY HOMELAND AND JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST ITS ENEMIES, AS ANY TRUE SON OF HAG GRAEF WOULD.
I ASK ONLY THIS, LET ME RIDE WITH YOU BACK TO HAG GRAEF. IF THERE ARE CHARGES THERE FOR ME TO ANSWER, I WILL ANSWER THEM.
LET US NOT ALLOW HASTE AND RAGE TO RESOLVE THINGS HERE.
... NOT WHEN RAGE ENOUGH TO DESTROY US ALL COMES HOWLING THIS WAY.
AAARRROOOOO!
HE'S RIGHT! YOU HEAR THAT, ON THE WIND? THE BAYING OF MURDER-HOUNDS!


NO ONE ARGUES. THEY TURN AND RIDE.
BEHIND THEM, FOUL BEAST-SHRIEKS ROLL FROM THE FORESTS.


THE WITCH-PRIESTS OF THE BLACK ARK HAVE CONJURED A PACK OF MURDER HOUNDS TO AVENGE THEIR FALLEN RAIDERS.
THEY HAVE THE SCENT. THEY WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THEY HAVE TORN THE MEN OF HAG GRAEF TO BLOODY SHREDS.

WE WILL NOT SHAKE THEM.
THEN WE MUST RIDE! ON, SPITE! ON!

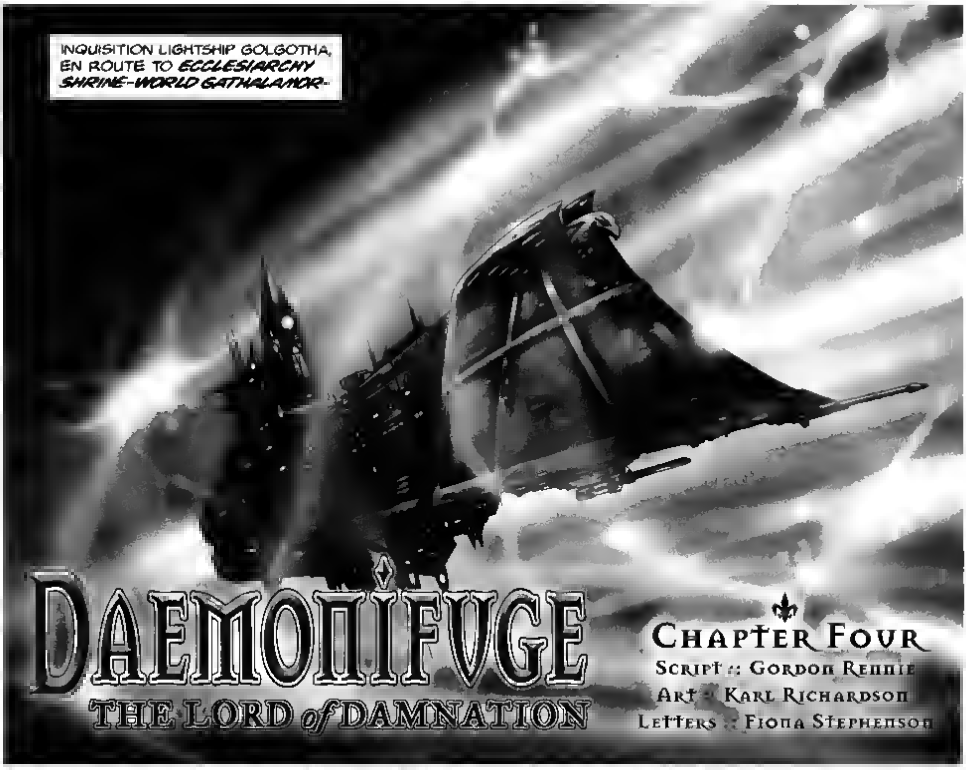

IT IS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THEY REALISE MORLIN, WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT, HAS FALLEN BEHIND
SILAR? LORD SILAR! I HAVE LOST THE TRAIL!

THEY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

MAWFEEEE!
MORLIN! BY THE GODS!
THERE'S NO HELPING HIM NOW, OLD FRIEND! RIDE ON! RIDE ON!
THERE! THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF YRKOOL.
MAKE FOR ITS SHELTER! GO! GO!
THE GATES! CLOSE THE GATES!
HARDER NOW! GET THEM SHUT!

GOOD!
GOOD? GOOD? ALREADY THEY SCRATCH AND PAW AT THE WALLS! THEY'LL SOON FIND A WAY IN! WE CANNOT HOLD THIS PLACE!
KUNOR, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR WORDS TODAY!
MALUS? WHAT SAY YOU?
MALUS? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WEARY, TH..T'S ALL.
KUNOR'S FEARS ARE WELL PLACED. IT WILL BE DARK SOON. THE HOUNDS WILL FIND A WAY IN, UNLESS...
UNLESS WHAT?
I...I COULD SAVE US ALL.
WHAT MADNESS DO YOU SPEAK?
I TOLD YOU I WAS A DAEMON'S PUPPET FOR A WHILE. I LEARNED THINGS THEN... DARK TALENTS I AM ASHAMED TO RE-PALL.
BUT... TO SAVE YOU, MY DEAR KINSMEN, I COULD FORCE MYSELF TO REMEMBER.

THEN DO SO! PROVE YOUR WORTH TO US! WE'RE DEAD IF YOU DON'T!
BUT IF I DO AND WE SURVIVE, YOU WOULD SPEAK OF IT ON OUR RETURN TO HAG GRAEF, WITH MY OWN ACTIONS YOU WOULD CONDEMN ME.
NO! I SWEAR IT! AID US NOW, AND WE'D ALL VOUCH FOR YOUR BRAVERY AND GOOD NAME TO THOSE AT HAG GRAEF!
BY THE GODS, WE'D MAKE SURE THEY TOOK YOU BACK WITHOUT QUESTION OR RECRIMINATION.
IF YOU SWEAR SUCH LOYALTY TO ME, ON YOUR LIVES, I WILL UNLOCK THE FOUL MEMORIES BURIED IN MY MIND AND DO WHAT I CAN.
WE SWEAR!
NOW LET ME OUT, AND DO NOT OPEN THE GATES AGAIN UNTIL DAWN COMES.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU HEAR.
NEXT: Thrown to the Dogs


INQUISITION LIGHTSHIP GOLGOTHA, EN ROUTE TO ECCLESIARCHY SHRINE-WORLD GATHALAMOR-
DAEMONIFUGE
THE LORD of DAMNATION
CHAPTER FOUR
SCRIPT :: GORDON RENNIE
ART :: KARL RICHARDSON
LETTERS :: FIONA STEPHENSON

ABOARD EPHRAEL STERN
HERETIC...
RENEGADE...
DAEMONIFUGE LIVING WEAPON AGAINST CHAOS.
...EPHRAEL...
...EPHRAEL...
SILAS! IT'S ALRIGHT NOW, SILAS. THEY'RE TAKING ME BACK TO THE SORORITAS. THEY'RE GOING TO PROTECT ME NOW
NO, EPHRAEL. THEY WILL NOT...

THEY FEAR YOU, EPHRAEL.
THEY FEAR YOU BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE THEY CANNOT CONTROL YOU AND IF THEY CANNOT CONTROL YOU, THEN THEY WILL KILL YOU.
NO! THERE IS TO BE AN INQUIRY, BUT MY SISTERS WILL SPEAK FOR ME. THEY WILL PROTECT ME!
I WAS AN INQUISITOR. I TOOK PART IN MANY SUCH INQUIRIES...
YOUR JUDGES HAVE ALREADY DECIDED YOUR FATE. THEY WILL LIE TO YOU. THEY WILL BETRAY YOU. THEY WILL KILL YOU.
BEWARE, EPHRAEL. THEY KNOW YOU ARE COMING. THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU.
SILAS! WAIT... DON'T LEAVE ME!
SILAS..!
SILAS..?

GATHALAMOR IMPERIUM SHRINE-WORLD UNDER ECCLESIARCHY RULE IT IS FROM HERE THAT THIS SEGMENTUMS MINISTORUM SYNOD DECIDES MATTERS OF FAITH THAT WILL AFFECT THE LIVES OF UNTOLD BILLIONS
JUST ONE OF THESE DECISIONS - CONCERNING THE FATE OF JUST ONE SUSPECTED HERETIC - WILL HAVE REPERCUSSIONS THAT MAY YET DETERMINE THE FATE OF EVERY ONE OF THEM...
THIS CANNOT BE! THERE IS TO BE NO APPEAL, NO HEARING BEFORE THE FULL SYNOD?

NONE THE INNER COUNCIL HAS MADE ITS OWN RULING THE CONCERNS OF YOUR ORDER IN THIS MATTER HAVE BEEN OVER-RULED
OVER-RULED? BY WHOM?

WE ARE ADEPTA SORORITAS, THE SWORD OF THE CHURCH MILITANT WE ASK FOR OUR RIGHT TO BE HEARD WE ASK FOR JUSTICE FOR OUR SISTER!
RIGHTS!? JUSTICE? WHAT WORDS ARE THESE?

BEWARE, SISTER THESE ARE THE WORDS OF THE UNBELIEVER OF THE RENEGADE OF THE APOSTATE
PERHAPS NOW WE SEE HOW THE HERETIC STERN WAS ABLE TO REMAIN UNDETECTED FOR SO LONG WITHIN YOUR ORDER.

THE ORDO MALLEUS, HERE? YOU HAVE CALLED IN THE DAEMON-HUNTERS!
THEY ARRIVED AHEAD OF YOU. THEY HAVE ALREADY MADE THEIR REPRESENTATIONS TO THE SYNOD. THE MATTER IS SETTLED.
THE HERETIC STERN IS TO BE HANDED OVER TO US. SHE IS A VESSEL OF CHAOS, CORRUPTING ALL SHE TOUCHES.
IF THE SORORITAS WISH TO DISPUTE OUR JUDGEMENT, THEN THAT IS, AS YOU SAY, YOUR 'RIGHT'...
OF COURSE, IT WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE IF WE WERE TO DISCOVER THAT THE CONTAGION EXTENDED ANY FURTHER INTO THE RANKS OF THE SISTERHOOD BEYOND THE CASE OF THIS ONE HERETIC.
YOU WILL AGREE WITH ME, SISTER, THAT A FULL-SCALE PURGE OF THE ADEPTA SORORITAS WOULD BE IN NO ONE'S INTERESTS.
WE ARE AGREED, THEN.
THE SYNOD HAS PROMISED ITS COMPLETE CO-OPERATION. YOU WILL NOTIFY US AS SOON AS THE GOLGOTHA'S APPROACH IS DETECTED.
AS YOU WISH.

MY LADY... THIS CANNOT BE! WHAT OF SISTER EPHRAEL? WHAT OF THE PROMISES THAT SHE WOULD BE GIVEN A FULL AND FAIR HEARING?
THE MATTER...
THE MATTER IS OUT OF OUR HANDS. WE MUST LOOK TO SAVING OURSELVES.
WE... WE MUST FORGET SISTER EPHRAEL. SHE IS LOST TO US NOW
WE SERVE THE EMPEROR WITH OUR FAITH AND DEVOTION, AND WITH FAITH THERE MUST ALSO SOMETIMES COME SACRIFICE
TWO DAYS LATER, GATHALAMOR ORBIT.
TELEPORTARIUM PROTOCOLS ARE ESTABLISHED PREPARING TO TRANSFER INQUISITOR GRINN AND THE SORORITAS TO YOUR CO-ORDINATES, GATHALAMOR.

UNDERSTOOD, GOLGOTHA. STAND BY...
YOUR COMMANDS, INQUISITOR?
AND THE HERETIC?
GRINN IS A BROTHER INQUISITOR. I WOULD SPARE HIM THE *AGONIES OF AN ORDO MALLEUS INTERROGATION CHAMBER* IF I COULD TELL YOUR BRETHREN TO *SHOOT TO KILL*.
"WE WANT HER *ALIVE*..
"...AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING."
YOU ARE READY EPHRAEL? I HAVE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH YOUR ORDER. EVERYTHING IS PREPARED. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
I-
THEY KNOW YOU ARE COMING. THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU.
YES. I'M READY.
GOLGOTHA TO SURFICE. WE ARE TELEPORTING NOW.
YOU AND YOUR CREW HAVE SERVED THE INQUISITION WELL, CAPTAIN KOVAD.

BUT YOU HAVE COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE HERETIC STERN YOU ARE TAINTED WITH THE SEEDS OF THE CORRUPTION THAT SPREADS EVERYWHERE IN HER WAKE
UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT WE MUST NOW DO WE DO IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME
CAPTAIN! THE TELEPORT LINK... IT'S STILL OPEN...
THIS VESSEL IS UNCLEAN.
PURIFY IT.
TO BE CONTINUED

Mordheim – City of the Damned

9: Dog Eat Dog

Script – Gordon Rennie Art – Paul Peacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson

TONIGHT, A *TERRIBLE HOWLING* ECHOES ROUND THE RUINS OF MORDHEIM TONIGHT, THE *HOUNDS OF MORDHEIM* ARE HUNTING, SAVAGE BEASTS MUTATED AND DRIVEN MAD BY THE CHAOS TAINT OF THE COMET

NOT SO FAST THERE'S A *TOLL* TO PAY FIRST, STARTING WITH *EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!*
WHAT YOU GOT IN THERE? WYRDSTONE? NICE. AND WE'LL HAVE THAT MONEY POUCH, AND THAT SWORD AND DAGGER. SAY, THOSE BOOTS LOOK ABOUT MY SIZE TOO.
AND SO--
NOT BAD AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU UP NOW?
SORRY BUT I DON'T THINK THIS LEDGE CAN TAKE THE EXTRA WEIGHT
NO! NO...!

LOOK AT THEM GO! WHAT DO YOU THINK, ULLI? TWENTY CROWNS SAYS *THE BIG ONE WITH THE TWO HEADS* GETS MORE OF HIM THAN THE OTHERS
THE END